

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

A SOLITARY ADORER.

Upon a rolling orb of snow
Swathed in the light of Christ's birth-star
I keep this Christmas night afar
From poem, pomp, and minstrelsy.
The tall star winds that softly blow
Alone shall be my choristry,
And speak to me from men of part
As once they spake the shepherd heart.
O Lord, I lift a brimming soul
Of wonder, joy, and love to Thee
For all the carols of the spheres
That roll and ring above for me;
And half in joyance, half in dole,
Divided be my hopes and fears,
I love and tremble, for I wist
With whom I hold this holy tryst.
Here swathed in the snow and light
Of Christ's birth-star on Christmas night,
In name of Him whom angels quest,
Of men and kine and me the guest
A silent soul its incense lifts
Upon the Lord of all who sifts
It down again in light and rest.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

AT THE CALL OF THE KING.

O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without
all comfort, behold, I will lay thy stones in order,
and will lay thy foundations with sapphires.

Isaias, LIV. 11.

IT was Christmas in old Montrose. All day the snow was softly falling and by evening the streets, the walks, the roofs and the trees were decked in their robe of purest white, and the old town seemed a very wonderland in its gorgeous apparel which sparkled in the light of the dying day. The stars peeped out one by one and seemed to shiver in the frosty air. In the glare of the electric light which creaked, and sputtered and hissed throughout the night, the snowflakes danced ere a sudden gust would catch them and driving them into your face laugh as it sped along. The air was rent with shouts of merry skaters. A sleigh would ride past you, the jingles of its bells keeping up a merry cadence till softened by distance they fell to the ground with the snowflakes. Truly 'twas a hallowed and a gracious time and surely no sorrow was here.

Even as the Savior's birth was fraught not alone with joy so is my story one of sorrow-softened gladness. After all, those joys are greatest that sadness preludes.

In a cheerless room Gabriel Cancelli sat beside his darling son whose hand he held in his own. The room was such that at a glance it im-

pressed you that sorrow dwelt within it. Save for the picture of St. Cecilia and the Sorrowful Mother the walls were bare. On the floor were a few well-worn rugs about a small table and a bed on which Cancelli's son lay. On the table were scattered sheets of music, an old Cremona and a zither.

As our story is concerned with the boy, Cancelli's son, let me try to describe him. His head was decidedly large for a child of his age,—some ten years perhaps. His lips were thin; the cheeks were lean even to emaciation and pallid from long disease. The eyes were not beautiful but strangely remarkable. They were large and dark and in them you knew there welled a world of love. His brows were full and curved gracefully o'er the eyes.

The room was still as the chamber of death but for the sobs that ever and anon escaped Cancelli and caused his frame to shudder. At last the boy raised his head ever so slightly, the great tears glistened on his long dark lashes and he winced as under a blow as each sob broke the silence.

"Sweet father, weep no more. I should weep who have brought thee sorrow. Why did I not stay in Italy where the skies are bluer than elsewhere and the sun shines more softly than here! Why did you not forget me, father dear; today I'd be a beggar boy, and would pray before the church door for all who give the beggar's dole. Ah! but why weep tonight? What would she whom we loved so well say were she to see us this holy

Christmas Eve? Ah! well do I remember how when her voice was growing weak she called me to herself and said: "Fare thee well, sweet Giovanni, and God be with you. If, when I am gone you meet my Gabriel, tell him that I loved him with my dying breath; tell him that from the feet of the Master I shall ever watch him. Holy angels be ye with him,"—and with a gasp she died. What, think you, does she tonight seeing us so a-weeping? Ah, how well it is that there are no tears in Heaven."

"Hush, Giovanni, you strain yourself! God's will be done, He knows best."

"Truly, Father, He knows best, but why must we be sad? Tomorrow our Savior comes. O truly for me 'tis Christmas, for Father Sacchetti so patiently instructed me that tomorrow I might receive into my heart the Babe of Bethlehem. We must weep no more tonight. Father, come, let us sing as we were wont e'er mother dear had died. Let it be a Christmas hymn—the *Adeste Fideles!*"

With a sigh Gabriel Cancelli took his violin and handed Giovanni the zither. Each for a moment struck a few random notes before they began to play. Giovanni sang as he had never sung before. The great blue veins stood out upon his brow and his soul seemed to be in his music. His soft crescendo seemed to melt into his father's rich tenor making it sweeter than ever before. Under the fingers of the elder Cancelli the Cremona fairly laughed and wept in its joy-song. Again they sang the sweet refrain:

Venite Adoremus,

Venite Adoremus,
Venite Adoremus Dominum,
and having finished the joyful strain, Giovanni's eyes closed, his frame fell back against the pillows and the zither fell to the floor with a twang.

"You are worse, my boy!" exclaimed Cancelli with a look of concern.

"No father dear, only weary."

"You must lie quiet, child."

Again all was still and only the regular hardly audible breathing told of life within the room. For an hour the stillness was unbroken, when suddenly the great chimes of San Marco's rang out across the frosty night, flooding the air with music that told as it rose and fell that Christ the King was come. The bells ceased, the last notes still were shivering in the air as Giovanni sat up in his bed and with joy-beaming eyes exclaimed: "A Merry Christmas, father dear! Come, let us adore Him—Him, the new-born King. We shall receive Him into our hearts who so loves us. Let's hasten to adore Him."

Reluctantly Gabriel Cancelli yielded, and soon the two were out on the street having joined the throng that was hurrying to the midnight service. They entered the vestibule of San Marco's as the organ thundered out its prelude to the Christmas-mass. Quietly they slipped into a pew and knelt long in silent adoration of the Babe whom they longed to receive.

"All famishing in expectation
Of the main altar's consummation.
For see, for see, the rapturous moment

Approaches, and earth's best endowment
 Blends with Heaven's; the taper fires
 Pant up - - - - -
 The incense gaspings long kept in
 Suspire in clouds; the organ blatant
 Holds his breath, and grovels latent,
 As if God's hushing finger grazed him.

- - - - - - -
 At the silver bells' shrill tinkling

- - - - - - -
 Earth breaks up, time drops away,
 In flows Heaven with its new day,
 Of endless life." - - -

Gabriel and Giovanni returned from the holy table, happy. The mass over, the organ hushed, the white-robed acolytes extinguished the burning tapers one by one. Once more darkness hung o'er all except the crib over which a score of lamps cast a crimson glow. All but Cancelli and his son had departed. At last Giovanni arose and went to the crib, there to adore the Christ-Child.

There lay the Babe with its arms outstretched so pleadingly, Mary, the Mother, and Joseph, were there gazing upon the New-born in deepest adoration. The faithful beasts warmed with their breath Him, whom men should warm with their hearts' love. And not far away were the shepherds hastening to find Him who was in swaddling clothes. And far beyond the plains of Bethlehem were the wise men from the East seeking Him who was born King of the Jews. The wondrous star was high o'er head. All this Giovanni saw in the crimson glow of the lamps. Suddenly the very darkness seemed to quiver, the lamps to borrow light from darkness. A light, soft and bright as

of a cloudless twilight, broke upon him, and its color was of a purple hue and rested about the Christ. Long streaks like those of the Northern Lights were shaking in the air. Clouds of incense were afloat. Brighter and brighter grew the light and finally not to be endured. Giovanni covered his eyes and listened; and he heard sweet sounds as of a wind playing on the strings of a thousand lutes; louder and louder it grew in depth and richness. Giovanni lifted up his eyes and saw ten thousand angels in robes of white hovering about the King. Raising their voices they sang the song the shepherds heard that night nigh two thousand years ago: "*Gloria in excelsis, in excelsis Deo.*" They chanted the joyful strain till the light began to wane first to a roseate hue and then to a delicate tint of pearly blue. The spirits receded with a flutter of wings and their song became softened by the distance and only an echo of the grand symphony seemed to linger within the nave of the church, and ere it died away the Christ-Child rose from the crib, outstretched its tiny arms and gazing full upon Giovanni, said to him with a sweet melodious voice, "Follow Me."

Again all was still. The lamps once more cast their steady glow over the Christmas scene. Mary and Joseph still knelt before the Babe. The shepherds were hastening to adore Him, and across the plains careened the camels of the wise men.

When Gabriel sought his son, he found him kneeling before the crib with a smile about his

childish lips and a frozen tear upon his cheeks.
Giovanni's heart had found its love and he dwelt
in the land of bliss. Like Samuel of old he heard
the Lord and had answered *at the Call of the King*.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

HEAVEN'S KING.

A magic tone that swells the air,
Awaking men from midnight sleep,
Prolonged and soft,
Though heard so oft,
Makes hearts for pleasure leap.
The message borne upon its rills,
Angelic voices first did sing,
The tidings fair,
So great, so rare,
Are news of Heaven's King.

V. A. S., '99.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Thou God made man! O Infant weak!

Thy greatness I adore;

O helpless babe! O God so meek!

Thy help I must implore.

A darkness like the depth of night

Enveloped human race;

But Thou, eternal source of light,

Bestowest light and grace.

Thou drawest Heaven down to earth,

Invitest man to share

The gifts of Thy mirac'lous birth

Divinely great and rare.

Although Thou kindly callest me

To stand before Thy shrine,

I feel embarrassed, for I see

The littleness of mine.

Thy humble greatness makes me bold,

Thy meekness draws me near.

To Thee, my Maker, I unfold

My needs, my hope, my fear.

I offer Thee a budding rose,

The flower that grows above—

This emblem-flower of Heaven I chose,

A gift of holy love.

My rose, O Jesus, seems so dead,

It lacks a vivid hue;

It bends to earth its nobler head

Bedecked with earthly dew.

Dissolve this dew that would impair

Its growth and work its doom;

But breathe upon it heavenly air,

And instantly 'twill bloom.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

THE MAKING OF DICKEY.

IT was the morning after Dickey's friend had arrived. Montmorency Stuyvesant Dukesborough sat across the table from his cousin, Dickey Dukesborough, at a late breakfast. Setting aside as of no consequence the fact that Montmorency's father could sign his name to a check for several million shekels with a clear conscience, while Dickey's lay awake nights when the gas bill became due, there was still a pretty pace between the characters of Dickey and Montmorency. The person who jumps at conclusions may already have pictured Montmorency as a youth who thought his father's ducats made him a superior brand of real estate. That is a wrong version of Montmorency. He was a well-dressed boy, wore a light silver watch-chain, a heavy band ring, and usually carried around with him enough common sense to gauge himself and acquaintances pretty accurately. Just now he was using this latter gift to size up his friend Dickey, and the conclusions were not altogether flattering to his cousin. "That's a very sweet-faced girl," said Mont with the air of one who ought to know, as he indicated a photograph on the mantel opposite.

"Yes," returned Dickey tentatively, and then he continued after a slight pause: "That's sister Bess, you haven't seen her yet." As Montmorency plied a good knife and fork, no words were exchanged for some moments. Dickey had been

hoping against hope that Mont would say Bess was "swell." Why couldn't he have a dasher of a sister like Mont must have. At the same time Mont must have wished for a sister like Bess; at any rate he gazed quite ruthfully at the picture of the unknown Bess. He looked sharply at Dickey as he reached for his fourth roll. Probably his keen gray eyes divined his cousin's thoughts, for the next observation had an indirect bearing on them.

"Do you know," said Mont, looking at the portrait much the same as an art-critic might look at an old painting, "that I pride myself on an ability to read character from portraits?"

"Is that so?" queried Dickey, wondering very much what was coming next.

"Yes; that face fairly glows with goodness, and the lip, I stake much on the lip, shows firmness." Dickey made haste to stiffen a loose upper lip.

Dickey was down-hearted; he ought not to have been, for every thing about him savored of good cheer. A little brass kettle spouted the merriest kind of a tune, and even obligingly changed its song now and then, as kettles do when feeling very fine; the old-fashioned little clock on the mantel ticked preposterously fast; the pink and red-cheeked roses in the centre of the table were very hearty and good to look upon, and best of all Mont had come down to accompany him to college. Dickey's father and mother wanted to send him to a Catholic school, because they were Catholics; but Dickey pined to attend a fashionable school

with Montmorency, whose father was above faith since his lucky strike in pork. Dickey had triumphed in the matter, and still he was not happy. Poor Dickey was much distressed, because forsooth he was the son of his father, instead of being the son of Montmorency's father, and because of another momentous fear which Montmorency now unwittingly precipitated.

"By the way, Dickey, (Montmorency was very colloquial) we may as well overhaul your wardrobe this morning, if you've nothing else to do; I may be able to drop you a few hints on what duds you need."

Dickey assented meekly, but with a mighty pain tugging at his heart; the dreaded catastrophe was come. Economy was a stern necessity in the Dukesborough household; Dickey's father often spoke of keeping a somewhat imaginary wolf from the door. In the light of this fact it is hardly to be marveled at that Dickey's going-away had called for some shrewd financiering. And this is how it came to pass that Dickey's wardrobe was somewhat of a novelty. In the Dukesborough attic reposed the remains of a Revolutionary Mistress Dukesborough's dresses, the pattern of which were something like the light of other days, in as much as their contemplation made one feel reminiscent. Their very pattern was a boon to the Dukesboroughs, Dickey excepted, for these dresses were made in the olden time when the prevailing fashion demanded as much cloth for a hoop-skirt as the clipper-chips which flourished at the same time needed for sails. So when one of these, a

black bombazine, was ripped up, there was cloth enough and to spare for Dickey's suits. If Dickey had been given to poetry, he might have seen a wealth of romance in thus going abroad in the remains of a time-scented hoop-skirt, that had once swung in the stately minwet, when Governor Morris wore a powdered wig, and beamed over a grand silver punch bowl. But unfortunately Dickey was not at all given to poetry and still less given to the style in which his sister Bess had made the black bombazine into suits for his Apollonian self. Bess was a person of very pliant genius. She could paint a panel or baste a roast; she could rattle off a Wagnerian march, wheel round on the stool, and fall into raptures over the news that butter had gone down a cent. She had made Dickey's suits and thereby scientifically demonstrated the limitations of the versability of human genius, for she was a mild failure as a tailoress. Like most failures she never suspected her failure. Bess thought the suits were "too sweetly cute." They were. The trousers were too long by four inches, and had to be turned up, besides which they bagged dreadfully; the coat stood out from Dickey (that is when he had it on) like a ballet-dancer's most conspicuous piece of apparel. Crinoline had been used to further the "standing out" effect, and it was to these frights Dickey was about to lead his plutocratic kinsman, Montmorency Stuyvesant Dukesborough. Dickey drew back the lid of his trunk, revealing the odious bombazine. Mont seized a coat and held it up to the light.

"That's queer goods;" he remarked, "would you mind trying this suit on?" Dickey's heart fell to the bottom of his new and squeaky shoes as he got inside of Bess's handiwork.

Now Montmorency was naturally charitable, but for the life of him he could not resist smiling at the vision, which now rose before him; the smile spread from the corners of his mouth as the ripples roll away from the place in the pond where a stone has been thrown in; the smile expanded in stormy waves over his face, and dripped off at the edges. At last he became like Mistress Fizzlewig, "one vast, substantial smile."

"Solomon in all his glory was not near so loud as you in those togs. Where did you get on to the cut?" Mont spoke frankly, his best move under the circumstances.

"Bess made them," said Dickey in an accusing tone, "she thinks they're 'sweet,' and I'm not brute enough to kick on them, although they are beastly."

"Dickey you're a chump. I'd gladly wear a swimming suit on Fifth Avenue, if I had a sister that would make one for me."

"That's all well enough, but what will your set at Swell-school-on-Hudson think of me?" grumbled Dickey who was standing in his misfit magnificence.

Montmorency lit his pipe, and thought hard. "Holy smokes," he exclaimed in an inspired outburst, "I've an idea. Dickey, you look as English as the Prince of Wales in that suit. By George, if I don't introduce you to that Cockney, Cholly

Smith, as a personal friend of his royal highness, the Prince of Wales; he will be your devoted slave for ever after. Dickey, you're a made man."

Dickey thought so too.

The day after Dickey and Mont went to Swell-school-on-Hudson. Dickey's mother and Bess saw him off through a mist of tears, but Dickey wasn't half sorry. In due time he was introduced in the role of an Englishman, and thus became the mogul of the school; for a time he was under the glamour, and almost forgot Bess and his mother; the cheerful dining room, the singing kettle, and his sister's photo on the mantel went out of his life. He saw the pictures of other girls in his friends' rooms; their faces were not "glowing with goodness"; goodness and pictures of maidens with cigarettes stuck between their lips are not cousins germane. Very gradually he began to feel that his new friends savored of the *demi-monde*. In the midst of it all, the memory of his sister's sweet, calm face came to him with the freshness of a green spot in a barren place. How he would have rejoiced to be back home, to be plain Dickey Dukesborough instead of masquerading as a Cockney Englishman. He would have cut with everything and everybody to go home, did it not seem cowardly. He had no relish for the approaching holidays; the old love would be gone forever, the five o'clock mass would lose its charm, and the chimes of the old church would sound dull indeed. Dickey was thinking thuswise as he boarded the train to go home for Christmas. A melo-dramatic mood haunted him during the whole ride. A voice

seemed ever whispering: "Hark!" And the chimes of the old church across the river kept ringing softly like memory bells. It was snowing when he reached his home station. "Our hearts are either of feathers or lead" they say; at any rate, Dickey's was of lead just then. From over the river came the glad chiming of bells. Dickey felt like an outcast. The sound seemed to polarize the sorrowful mood he had been in all day, and Dickey—whisper it low—Dickey wept. The gathering gloom flung a merciful veil over Dickey's sorrow. He hurried home by back streets, ran when he saw the old home, and almost burst open the door in his eagerness to get into the house. Bess saw him first. With a soft cry of joy she fluttered into his arms with all the eagerness and grace of a butterfly dropping into an apple-blossom. Then he fell on the maternal neck, and somehow Dickey's heart of lead began to change into a heart of feathers; he felt like a hero returned from the wars. When Dickey sat down to dinner, everything about him was as it had been before he went away; the brass kettle hummed a Christmas carol; the clock ticked an accompaniment, and white-cheeked chrysanthemums nodded at him from the vase that held roses when he went away.

Later in the evening Dickey sat before a blazing grate with his feet on the fender and his head resting on his mother's shoulder. Bess was improvising soft adagios, that made Dickey very sad; Dickey began to feel melo-dramatic again. He chanced to look up, and his eyes fell on a

statue of the Blessed Mother, around which Bess had facetiously flung a wreath of mistletoe. The ivory-tinted face soothed Dickey.

“Pshaw,” he said to himself, “every fellow’s a chump once in his life,” and never suspected he had dropped a bit of philosophy.

The soft music crept silently over Dickey’s soul; the last words of a song Bess was humming kept echoing in his mind:

As softly as the rain-drops in the heart of Italy
Fall and patter on the petals of the velvet olive tree
Dripped the voices of the angels down on silent Galilee
Peace to all men on land or sea,
Peace to all men with hearts that be
Aglow with faith and shepherd glee.

Dickey was so drenched with happiness, he could have flown away with the angels, were his own home not a paradise.

Dickey looked at the fire in the grate and thought long, long thoughts.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.



DECEMBER.

With weary steps the present year
Is dragging slowly to the close;
And though the end is very near,
It seems to linger in repose.

It lingers, yes, its power is spent
As low it bows beneath the weight.
The wrongs it bears it must lament,
But prides the nobler acts to state.

The happy days of careless youth,
When sport and frolic were a trade,
Have passed away and sterner truth
Appeals to us, requesting aid.

Before, the songsters gave good cheer,
While balmy perfume filled the air;
But now a cold and frozen tear
Alone remains, a piteous share.

Oppressed by weight the year must rest,
Arrived, at last, where ends the race;
And heartily it does request
The coming year to take its place.

The coming year, a lad so gay,
Is eager to support the old;
He takes the reins without delay
As well becomes a lad so bold.

May vice and mishap be enstranged;
On fortune's bed let man recline:
Old sorrows are to be exchanged
For virgin joys of ninety-nine.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

DEDICATED TO THE INFANT OF PRAGUE.

MY story opens in the latter part of January 1896. Since 1890, M. had increased so rapidly in population, that it was at this time already a large and prosperous city. During the few years of this wonderful expansion many factories had been moved to M., accompanied by a great number of men and their families. As a large majority of these were Catholics, a resident parish priest was soon in demand. In 1892, the Rev. Father Reilly, ordained but four years previously, was appointed to the place. The first thing that occupied his attention was the necessity of a new church, as the small brick church was no longer adequate to the increasing congregation. His plausible efforts were cheerfully seconded by his new congregation; and at the end of four years an edifice was completed that was a credit to the congregation and in harmony with the progressive spirit of the city.

The last Sunday of every month Father Reilly visited Selma, a small town sixteen miles distant from M., in order to give the inhabitants and surrounding farmers an opportunity to assist at the holy sacrifice of Mass. Among the faithful Catholics at Selma was a well-to-do physician with his family by the name of Heath. Dr. and Mrs. Heath were blessed with three happy contented children; George, the oldest, was fifteen years of age, Meda was a year and a half younger, and Hilma was

eleven. It was in the company of this family that Father Reilly spent his time from after High-Mass in the morning till four in the after-noon, when George generally took him back to M., in his father's carriage.

For a long time Dr. Heath had wished to move to M., but difficulty of starting in business again deterred him. At last his chance came through the kindness of Father Reilly. There was in Father Reilly's congregation at M. a physician who had fallen heir to a large estate in the South; on account of his great skill he had a large number of patients. Now Father Reilly had made arrangements that Dr. Heath should take charge of these patients at M., and so it was satisfactorily settled.

In two weeks the Heaths were comfortably housed in an almost luxurious little home in a quiet part of the city. In the meantime Father Reilly had taken an uncommon interest in George; he had taught him the Mass prayers, and George's greatest pleasure was to serve at Mass. The good priest often took George into his house and gave him kind words of advice, because George really needed them.

George showed now and then that he possessed a wonderful talent for learning, but he did not seem to appreciate it; his monthly reports showed anything but diligence; he was careless and even somewhat selfish. But here the blame must rest with a kind, indulgent mother and two loving sisters, who generally let him have his own way. As was said before, he was inclined to be indolent;

yet this again was not solely his fault; whenever he had any difficulties it was either to his mother or sisters that he had recourse, and in this way soon came to rely more upon others than upon himself. Yet George was not without good traits. In the first place he was scrupulously truthful and despised from his heart deceit or fraud in any form; he was pious in a degree uncommon to most boys of his age, and this it was that gave Father Reilly hope that time and persistent efforts would remove the grosser flaws in the otherwise noble character of George Heath.

On May the 13th, George's birthday, he received from his friends among very many other things a beautiful little statue of the Infant of Prague clothed in the most magnificent apparel. Glancing at the card attached, he read, "Compliments of Father Reilly." During many of the little lectures that Father Reilly had given George he had often spoken of the Infant of Prague, that he should place his confidence in Him and direct his prayers to that little friend who never refuses what is asked of Him in earnestness and humility. It inspired George with greater fervor and confidence to know that he was petitioning one who was, like himself, a boy. It was certainly to this sweet devotion that future developments were due.

Among George's friends was a boy a year older than himself, who was preparing to study for the holy priesthood. Father Reilly was teaching him Latin, as an introduction to the language previous to his entering the college as it would make it much easier for him. Naturally, George

and Leo—such was his friend's name—were often together and had become fast friends. George looked forward to the parting with a feeling of sadness. One evening as he and Leo sat in the priest's study discussing the situation and promising to write to each other etc., as boys will do, the door bell rang. Closing the study door after him, the priest opened the front door and admitted Dr. Heath; he quietly led him to the parlor so that his presence would not become known to the two boys. Dr. Heath said that, thinking seriously of what Father Reilly had told him a few days ago, he, with Mrs. Heath's consent, had decided to send George to college, and that he might as well attend the same one to which Leo was going. Father Reilly stepped to the door and called George. What was George's surprise to meet his father there. Then Father Reilly told him to what conclusion his father had come. Being in the parlor was all that kept George from dancing and yelling. But when running into the study, he grasped Leo's hand and danced about till Leo thought his wrist was out of joint. George paused a moment to give an explanation, and then they both danced.

We will now pass over the intervening time till Dec. 8th. George has during the past months become quite popular with both the faculty and the students. By his diligence and perseverance he has kept up with the leaders of his class and outstripped a great number of them. During all this time his devotion to the Infant of Prague had increased; and every evening he spent half an

hour in sweet communication with his little friend; this was the key note to all of George's success. Once before leaving the chapel he had added, "Lord what wilt Thou have me do?" He was kneeling in prayer more devout than usual; the loneliness, the darkness, relieved by naught save the dim light cast by the sanctuary lamp served only to increase his fervor. As he repeated, "Lord what wilt Thou have me do?" a voice within him seemed to say, "Take up the cross and follow Me." And again, "Feed My sheep." George knelt for a long time filled with emotions of gratitude toward his God; when leaving, he humbly said, "Thy will be done."

What was the surprise of every one next morning to learn that George would immediately begin the classical course with the intention of preparing for the priesthood. With a heart filled with gladness, he thought of the surprise that he would give his parents and Father Reilly, because he had not told them anything of his change of mind. George and Leo stepped off the *Knickerbocker* at 8 o'clock P. M. at M.; they were immediately surrounded by a host of friends; handshakings and Christmas greetings would not come to an end. George and Leo were hurried to their homes in a sleigh drawn by a pair of swift horses. They passed other sleighs with a whiz. The sleigh bells tingled in the crisp air. We will let the reader imagine the scene that took place when George arrived at home.

Christmas eve, George sitting down near the Christmas tree, placed his father on one side and

his mother on the other; then putting his arms around their necks told them his secret: that he was certain Almighty God had called him to the holy priesthood, and with their permission he would continue his studies with that end in view. It is needless to say that on that eventful Christmas happier parents than George's were to be found nowhere. On Christmas after mass George called on Father Reilly and told him what he had made known to his parents the evening before. When he had finished, Father Reilly, his face beaming with joy and his eyes glistening with tears, requested George to kneel down and receive his blessing.

WILLIAM ARNOLD, '01.

FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS A PRIEST.

Five and thirty years of priestly life,
What honor and what favor shown!

Lived there ever man more noble
Than the faithful priest of God?
Rulers and kings and potentates, on earth,
Persons of rank and royalty of birth,
May claim our homage, robed in gold,
But Heaven's own decree from old
Subjected them to priests of God!

O FAITHFUL Priest! What meaning in the word!
One from holy duty undeterred,
Undaunted 'gainst the might of Hell,
Armed with Michael's flaming sword,
Watching with his Captive Lord
Near the Tabernacle where He dwells.

PRIEST! Anointed son of Heaven,
Endowed with power above the angels' grace,
To stand forever in the Savior's place
And bring to earth a godly gift,—
And in his sacred hands uplift
The Incarnated Host!

O HUMBLE Priest! for five and thirty years
Reposing on the Sacred Breast of Christ,
Like favored John
Who loved His Master most,
What joy is thine,
Long faithful at thy high exalted post!
Sacrificing at the altar
In the presence of the Blest,
Tremendous is thy office,
The work of God—His best!

Twice showed this God His mighty power,
Twice giving His divinest works.
First, in the world-creating hour,
Before this boundless mass of beauty rare
Had been revealed to man,
Darkness hid the view of nature fair.
But when Omnipotence saw fit
One mighty FIAT LUX uplit
The whole—its majesty unsealed,
Its crowning glory great revealed.
For mortal man, then uncreated, this was done,
The world endowed with light and sun.
Akin to this, but greater, was God's second work,
The giving of an everlasting sun.
Of old He gave created light
To show the beauty of the world.
But earthly light
Is dark as night
When Heaven's beauty is unfurled.
And God Himself, unfailing Light,
Would dwell on earth
In all supernal loveliness.

'Twas then He called His faithful priest
To that sublimest state,
And clothed him with His godly power,
The host to incarnate!

Then, worthy Priest, lift up thy heart
For sacerdotal life
Of five and thirty years.

Write them out in golden letters,
All these years of precious life,
Years so full of fruit and blessing
That they louder speak than tongue or pen
To proclaim the all-expressing
Happiness they brought to men.

And within these hallowed walls,
Golden now in age and fame,
In these same historic halls
Long familiar with thy name,
Where thy early days were passed,
And thy proven worth forecast:
Here, reverting to the past
In thoughts that melt to joyful tears,
We greet thee
For these five and thirty years.


Dedicated to the Very Rev. John B. Murray, President
Mt. St. Mary's of the West, on his thirty-fifth anniversary to
the holy priesthood, Oct. 24, 1898.

James B. Fitzpatrick, '96.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY
 DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99, Editor.
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DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98,
 HERMAN FEHRENBACH, '98,
 VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99,
 WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '01.

EDITORIALS.

In these days when the classics are giving way to the sciences, when there are not waiting men to sneer at the study of the old authors as obsolescent, one is sometimes brought to ask himself which of the two methods is the better, so influential is the force of this controversy. To drive

out this doubt concerning the efficacy of a classical education, it is only necessary to look about us and listen to the advocacy of those who have the interests of the classics at heart and intelligently promote them. Perhaps the most zealous and fruitful worker for the cause in this country is Maurice Thompson; in Europe Cardinal Newman by word and example has made a brilliant plea for classical knowledge. In England, however, the new theory of education has gained no foothold. These two men advance to their end along different lines. Newman prizing the classics above all as tending to form accurate habits of thought; while Thompson values them as the treasure houses of great minds. The views of Newman, as set forth in the *Idea of a University*, would seem the more important, because it teaches a man to think, in evidence of which see the great Newman himself. Opposing this method of education, grounded in the experience of ages, is a nameless thing evolved from the intelligences of a group of faddists headed by John Brisben Walker; he, at least, is foremost in giving it publicity. These gentlemen seek to build up a system from which the speculative shall be eliminated, in which every study shall lead to direct returns in material value. To every proposition they place the question: "Of what use is it?"—a question which, as Lowell says, would baffle the rose, and be triumphantly answered by the cabbage. This stand leads them into the most ludicrous undertakings. With the faddists every thing is new. Their premier discovery was a new kind of psychology, which as-

serted that, because psychic sensations bear analogy to certain physical stimuli, they could be subjected to physical laws. According to this theory the old way of teaching was dead. The only thing now necessary to the formation of the whole man was to ascertain the quantity and color of his psychic sensations, and then get a psychic chemist to prescribe a compound for their nourishment. Perhaps the man who showed best the shallowness of this theory was Hugo Muensterberg. His valuable essay has clearly shown that in psychic matters qualitative and not quantitative methods must obtain. This one theory shows the whole weakness of the new school of education: they have no respect for the *Naturlangsamkeit*. Nature grows an oak in a hundred years, but they would grow it in a day. If the new school had stopped here, its reputation would be unsmirched; but it goes from foolishness to foolishness. Its latest freak-theory is an insistence upon a course of lectures concerning the duties of a pater-familias as a desirable thing in universities. Imagine some downy-lipped sophomore listening to some old bachelor lecturing on "How to Quiet a Choleric Baby." Shades of Socrates, to what a pass is education come! Edgar Saltus gives cheerful hail to the new idea; incidentally he remarks that he studied under old methods and never since met chance to put them into *practical* application. It is easy to see that the delicious Edgar never studied anything real hard, for he is a fine type of the new school product,—clever, frothy, and about as deep as a shallow dish-pan. In this the moderns

err: they would set up as the beau ideal of manhood a *ready* man instead of a man with reserve power in him. A paste Koh-i-noor may dazzle the unskilled, but the judicious know that the smallest genuine jewel is worth a great deal more. The aim of Catholic education is, not to make a polypus man, ever feeling about for a chance to catch the elusive dollar, but a *whole* man, like a ship fit to sail any sea, with thirteen inch guns on every deck. To go unscathed through the battle of life, a man has to cross swords on more than one battlefield; he has to take the field like the man of whom Mulvaney spoke: "Mother uv Moses, but yez take the field like a confectioner;" rich in mind, but above all rich in heart. Is a gruel diet of natural science and a few other fads going to evolve this man? Work in natural science may give one increased analytic power and accuracy of thought, but will it give the intellectual man richer blood? Rather it will mummify him. But they claim they can read the classics in translations. No bigger bluff was ever foisted upon the public. They can read them when translated, and likewise you may still see a mermaid when translated from water to land,—but the beauty is wilted away. It will not be long till the moderns' plea is thrown out of court. Culture and not commercial usefulness alone is the end of education, for every act of man has a bearing on his relation to God, and through God to his fellow-men. If in every act he becomes more or less acceptable to his neighbor, is it not desirable that each action be informed by that generous charity, which burgeons from true,

Catholic culture? Let a man be penniless and so homely that he can play Cyrano de Bergerac without a makeup, yet if he be cultured, he will find a ready welcome in the parliament of the world's noblest hearts. And we Catholics are foolish or wise enough, as you will, to think this welcome the thing most to be sought after by men.

“God rest you, Chrysten gentil men
Wherever you may be,—
God rest you all in the felde or hall
Or on ye stormy sea;
For on this morn oure Chryst is born
That saveth you and me.”

The Christmas is a glorious tide; it is so spirituelle and withal so exhilarating, but not grossly so; it has the exhilaration of frosty air, not of champagne. And I said it was restful. Hard things wax soft, a frosty veil is thrown over naked humanity when Christmas comes. What is the spirit that so leavens the time? Ah, well the poet knew that wrote these verses; it is the spirit of simple love, the world is under its soft glamour, the world's heart is pastoral when it sees the pink and white treasure on the golden straw in the manger. The shepherd boy asked: “Smilest thou?” And Jesus smiled him a welcome, for which

“Every lamb will up and follow
Over hill and over hollow”

into what land the shepherd leads. Those were sweet winds to which DeVere sung:

“Blow Him to Bethlehem, airs angelic, blow!
There doth the mother-maid His couch prepare,

His harbor is her bosom! Drop Him there,
Soft as a snow-flake on a bank of snow."

It was on that wondrous night that angels flung down that "golden chain which binds the whole, round world unto the feet of God." And all these things explain why the shed at Bethlehem is "the world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil." Like all great gifts of God, this one is universal,—every one may take his ease in this sweet inn. To have this spirit is the great Christmas gift. Most collegians look forward to still another pleasure—the home-going. When you look this longing square into the eyes, does it not seem a weakness, a warping from the noble line of purpose which leads to glory? Ah, but it is an amiable weakness, and after all the fellow spake truly that said: "Glory's no compensation for a belly-ache;" and collegians have a most assertive belly-ache (mayhap "heart-ache" would be the better word) for the old home-hearth. May blithest bells ring for them all, and may they all come back with every muscle taut for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together that will land us a winner before the judges' boat in June.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.



EXCHANGES.

Rarely indeed do we meet with, in any magazine, much less in a college journal, a bit of such genuine poetry as that which appears in the BOSTON STYLUS under the caption, "Only a Year Ago." He who would write often thus must need be a poet indeed. Mr. Burns happily blends in "Only a Year Ago" Whitcomb Riley's delicacy with the softness of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

We have learned to look forward to the advent of the DIAL with expectations of something better than the ordinary. The DIAL is one of the few of our exchanges which possesses the happy faculty of combining gracefully the light with the serious, the local with that of more general interest. The November number is proof of our statement. A very excellent story, "My Marble Love," occupies the place of honor. The story is a simple one, simply told. The style is free and easy, runs trippingly along but never stumbles. The collegian who writes as Mr. Kearns does is a rarity we venture to say. The Editorial, "Why Do We Study Latin," is a strong plea for the classics. The writer has no sympathy for the utilitarian souls whose one ideal is the almighty dollar.

"The Genius of Richard Blackmore" is an instructive and highly interesting essay in the November MOUNTAINEER. The writer views Blackmore through his two most representative novels, "Lorna Doone" and "Springhaven" of which

the article is an appreciative and judicious study. In his ardent admiration of Blackmore, Mr. Stack has, we think, o'er-shot the mark when he holds that that author "towers above all the end-of-the-century writers of historical romance." The MOUNTAINEER, like several other of its Eastern friends, is growing reminiscential. Memories, after all, form a pleasant theme. The very trials time-mellowed strike us as archly humorous, while little joys of the golden long-ago seem to us ineffably sweet. There is a bracing freshness about the MOUNTAINEER'S Editorials, Exchanges, and Book-notes, which we cannot but like.

The most prominent article in the FORDHAM MONTHLY is "And Old Man's Notions About Reading." It is written in a clear and terse style not unlike Lord Bacon's. Didactic by force of purpose, the essay is not insipid. We quote the following: "How many limbs of the law, for example, have read Justinian's Pandects; how many philosophers, Aristotle; how many theologians, St. Thomas? They study the commentators, but thus abandon the fountain to drink of the river's side." We have quoted thus with a purpose. From the most superficial perusal of the essay on Washington Irving it is evident that the writer has "read the commentators but thus has abandoned the fountain to drink of the river's side." The essay is wofully lacking in originality. Many quotations about the author, none from the author; and what is not between quotation marks is simply a compilation of text-book facts. The article is a splendid specimen of literary insincerity. We take exception to

the paper, "The Power of Circumstance." "Columbus" views things from a decidedly materialistic stand-point. To this gentleman the world's history is but a succession of purely accidental circumstances. Yet Will Shakespere hath it:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

"A very merry fairy dream" may Christmas be to all.

FELIX T. SEROCZYSNKI, '99.

OBITUARY.

As we go to press we learn of the distressing tragedy at Connersville, Ind., of which Mr. Henry Luking, father of our esteemed fellow-student William Luking, was a victim. During his short residence at the college William has ever shone with a grace and sweetness of character, which could only be the fruitage of generous Christian parents. Mr. Luking was an honored member of the community in which he lived, and in which he was known as a whole-souled Catholic and noble gentleman. The sympathies of William's mates on campus and hall pulse in unison with his heart, bereaved by shadow of death. Like loyal friends and collegians, they will give his father's soul remembrance in their prayer. The Rev. Rector will attend the obsequies.

SOCIETIES.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—Oct. 30th, the Columbians held their regular business meeting. The most important transaction was the admission of Messrs. B. Recker and J. Meyer into the society. At the regular meeting, Nov. 13th, the following members, including President F. Seroczynski, were appointed as a book-committee: Messrs. T. Travers, D. Brackmann, V. Krull, and W. Hordeman. Nov. 20th the following program was rendered in the College auditorium:

Recitation,.....Cantus Faist.

Debate:..... { Affirmative, Schuette and Neu-
schwanger.
Negative, Saurer and Mohr.

Comic Recitation,.....Mr. E. Cullen.

The subject of the debate was, Resolved that the conduct of Mr. Gladstone exerted more influence over the world than that of Prince Bismarck. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. At the meeting, Nov. 27th, the executive committee reported the following play, entitled "At the Last Moment," to be rendered Dec. 22nd.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Robert, son of Mr. Felix,.....P. Kanney,
 Damian, Robert's friend,.....E. Cullen,
 Mr. Felix, a tailor,.....D. Neuschwanger,
 Max, his son,.....J. Mutch,
 Burgher, a workman,.....C. Peters,
 Albert, son of Mr. Felix, a priest,.....W. Arnold,

Fern, a workman, T. Saurer,
 Wood, Robert's Landlord, C. Uphaus,
 Waiter, H. Muhler.

At the same meeting the election of officers took place: Pres., F. Seroczynski; Vice-Pres., H. Fehrenbach; Sec., E. Deininger; Treas., W. Arnold; Critic, T. Travers; Marshal, C. Peters; Editor, C. Uphaus; Ex. Com., W. Hordeman, I. Rapp, and P. Kanney.

On the evening of Dec. 11, the following program was given: Debate: Resolved, that not enough time, labor, and money is expended for higher education in the United States. The affirmative was defended by Messrs. Staiert and Plas and the negative by Messrs. Hefele and Werling. Then followed a dialogue by Messrs. Schneider and Miller, that afforded the audience much amusement.

ALOYSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—A special meeting was called Nov. 13th, for the election of officers for the ensuing term. Following is the result: Pres., J. Wessel; Vice-Pres., H. Horstman; Sec., L. Holtschneider; Treas., P. Biegel; Marshal, L. Dabbelt; Librarian, G. Diefenbach; Editor, F. Garity; Ex. Com., C. Fralich, L. Walthers, and F. Theobald.

On thanksgiving day the Aloysians rendered a melo-drama with more than usual success.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Stanislaus, King of Sarmatia, O. Bremerkamp,
 Edmond, the Blind Boy, F. Garity,
 Prince Rudolph, presumptive heir to the throne, { J. Wessel,

Oberto, a farmer, C. Fralich,
 Elvino, son of Oberto, W. Flaherty,
 Starow, a villainous con- } H. Horstman,
 fidant of the prince, }
 Kalig, a reduced gentleman, A. Bremercamp,
 High Priest, A. McGill,
 Lida, duchess of Lithuania, O. Holtschneider.

The scene is laid in Poland: Edmond, when an infant, was given to Oberto who knows not the parents of the child, nor where he came from; until one day Prince Rudolph, fatigued by the chase, seeks refreshments for himself and attendants at the cottage of Oberto. One of the chief attendants recognizes Edmond to be the real heir to the throne, and, returning after the departure of Prince Rudolph, he forms a plan with Oberto to restore the unfortunate youth to the arms of Stanislaus. They recognize the difficulties to be great, as the Prince, being now the acknowledged heir to the throne, would stop at nothing to prevent being foiled in his designs. On the Prince's wedding day he is exposed as an impostor before King Stanislaus. During the following night Prince Rudolph endeavors with the help of two of his colleagues to destroy Edmond; but through the bravery of Kalig the young heir is rescued from his dangerous enemies. In the end Prince Rudolph is punished for his perfidy, while Edmond is made happy by being again united to his father, King Stanislaus.

The participants of the play showed interest and enthusiasm in the rendition of their respective parts and a complete success was their reward.

Father Bonaventure, their Spiritual Director, is to be congratulated on the manner in which he succeeds in infusing his own spirit of enthusiasm into the actors.

A feature of this program, eminently worthy of comment, was the music rendered. Indeed, since Professor is again in our midst, we look forward to the music as the most exquisite treat of any public program. During the few months since his return he has already infused every particle of his own spirit and whim into the band members simultaneously with that delicacy and accuracy which pleases the student of classic music. As a pianist, Prof. Hemmersbach needs but touch the instrument, to convince any one who understands music that he is a scholar such as are bred at the Vienna conservatory or a like institution only. Not to mention the several exquisite classic solos, which, by the way, the Professor plays without having a note before him, he contributed very much to heighten the dramatic effect of the play by accompanying it with accords that were in perfectest harmony with the pathos or passion on the stage and forced the audience to throw themselves heart and soul into the situation. We thankfully enjoy his masterly renditions and can but hope to keep with us for many years a music professor who is one of the very ablest scholars on the continent and who would give the best college in the country reason to pride itself.

MARIAN SODALITY.—The monthly meeting was held in the college chapel, Sunday, Dec. 4th. The names of thirty-two applicants for admission

were voted upon; all were admitted. On Thursday, Dec. 8th, the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception, the solemn admission of the new members took place. The altar of the Blessed Virgin was tastefully decorated, and altogether it was a pleasing ceremony.

SACRED HEART LEAGUE.—Though but recently organized, this society is the most prosperous in the College. Besides the communion of reparation there is also a little devotion in the evening of every first Friday in the month. During this devotion the general intention is explained and made the subject of a brief discourse; hymns are sung in honor of the Sacred Heart, followed by the benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. Wednesday, Nov. 30th, the members assembled in chapel and there received their new badges. The laudable efforts of Father Bonaventure, local director of the League, in the interest of the League, are much appreciated by the students. WM. ARNOLD, '01.

CARDS OF THANKS.

The Aloysians with their Rev. Moderator desire to publicly thank all that in any way assisted in making their play a success, especially Prof. Carl Hemmersbach.

The Raleigh Smoking Club extend their heartfelt thanks to the Rev. Fathers Koerdt, Berg, Augustine, Philip, and Charles. Each of the Rev. gentlemen presented the Smoking Club on Thanksgiving day with a box of first class cigars. Where it rains it pours, say the boys.

PERSONALS.

During the time that has elapsed since the publication of our last issue, the following members of the Rev. Clergy have honored us with a visit: Nov. 3, Rev. C. Vogelmann, C. PP. S., Ft. Recovery, O.; Nov. 7, Rev. J. Hueser, D. D., Huntington, Ind.; Nov. 9, Rev. E. Lohmueller, C. PP. S., Noah, Mo.; Nov. 24, Revs. C. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; P. Samuel, O. F. M., Lafayette, Ind.; F. Koerdt, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; H. Kroll, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Centre, Ind.; J. Berg, Remington, Ind.; J. Kubacki, Reynolds, Ind.; C. Ganser, Kentland, Ind.; B. Dickman, C. PP. S., Burkettsville, O.; C. Romer, Delphi, Ind.; Dec. 1, Rev. H. Plaster, Hammond, Ind.; Rev. J. Bleckman, Michigan City, Ind.

Our visitors on Thanksgiving day were: Mr. and Mrs. Bremerkamp, Decatur, Ind.; Miss Agnes Tiernan, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. J. Berling, Decatur, Ind.; Mr. and Miss Kamm, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mrs. Wessel, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Ehinger, Decatur, Ind.; Miss Junk and sister of Chicago, Ill.

Mr. E. Cullen spent Thanksgiving day with friends at Lafayette, Ind.



LOCALS.

Hurry up, boys, get your valises ready! Only a few thousand minutes more and the train will leave the station.

Merry Christmas to all!

Lay the football aside now and shine up your skates!

Use roller-skates, you don't need to sharpen them!

Said Benno to Sylvester: "Say, Syl, I can't afford to buy a pair of nickel-plated skates, could you turn out a wooden pair for me? Herman promised to silver-plate them. Wouldn't they look rich then?"

Customer: "Sir, when will my turn come for that chair, I'm waiting for this shave nearly seven years already." Barber: "Then you're one of those fast living men with slow growing whiskers."

The late deceased Mr. N. had more liabilities than credit.

All Saints' day was celebrated with due solemnity at St. Joseph's. After Solemn High-mass P. Bonaventure preached an eloquent sermon on Purgatory. The Requiem on All Souls' day was held as usual.

Quite a number of comfortable new chairs have been placed into the dormitories and the auditorium.

Our great pipe-organ is again under the influence of the weather. The physician is very

slow in curing it of its hoarseness. It would long since have been exterminated, were it not for one good quality; viz., that it speaks on as long as it has wind.

Hordeman is inclined to believe that man is rather descended from an amphibian than from an ape. "Because," he says, "his habits show it. But yesterday the boys were playing on the island—gridiron—and today they are on the lake—skating; you'll never find them on the trees however."

P. Benedict has introduced Sallust in his Latin Class. The class takes an unusual interest in the history, and the pithy style in which the author represents the facts. His histories are not trustworthy, but the delineations of characters are models.

Last week all our pianos were thoroughly repaired.

Some students have made up their minds to join the military band out of pure patriotism. They are being drilled every day and are ever ready to fill vacancies. Mr. Cl. Peters and Mr. A. Schuette are already members of the organization.

This year the boys do not seem to become tired of the bowling alley. Although the weather is already cold, it still has its regular visitors.

Prof.: "Here is a line. If I make a mark of division in the middle of it, what does that mark do?" Peters: "The mark represents the centre rush on the point of breaking the hostile line."

Our third foot ball team, who pride themselves with the name "Tigers" (although two only are

spotted), are getting up a story treating about a fast winning team with automatic centre. This book will undoubtedly revolutionize the entire pigskin world. Copiously illustrated by R. S.

The mortality tables of rabbits in Northern Indiana show that Vince is ever on the alert.

The other day Sebastian was for the first time puzzled in Latin. The sentence to be translated was: "Cicero et Demosthenes sunt duo clari oratores." He had never seen the words Cicero and Demosthenes before, so he borrowed a dictionary. After each of these names was printed "a renowned orator." Satisfied with this he closed the book and translated: "One renowned orator and one renowned orator are two renowned orators."

Eckstein when out hunting has the misfortune to shoot close to the front or back of the rabbits. "A queer kind of rabbits," he once remarked, "either they are too short in front or they are so meager that the ball goes through without hurting them."

This fall about three hundred trees were planted on the west side of the main building and in the grove. More walks were marked out and are already being used. The students express their sincere thanks to Bro. Victor, who was the chief promoter of these improvements, thereby sacrificing every moment of spare time for our future comfort.

Mr. Ersing hereby advertises his "Codex Faustianus" containing gems from the fields of poetry, fiction, and common prose. The principal

features of the book are sermons prepared for nearly all occasions and emergencies. Mr. Ersing is well-read and as many sided as his codex has pages.

In reviewing a copy of an old COLLEGIAN we found the following and could not refrain from having it re-printed: "It has been said that a person who is chatting with his neighbor during an entertainment, betrays a lack of good taste. This is very true; and we may add that he lacks good manners in the same degree. Should an entertainment be rendered, be it literary, musical, military, or of whatever nature, the performer has a full claim to our attention for the very reason that he is entertaining us, or at least is trying to do so; just as well as if he had a private chat with us. Now if any man gives his attention to anything else or to any other person but the one appearing on the stage, he violates the actor's personal rights, all the same whether the party in question be superior to him or not. And more than this. Anybody causing disturbance by such an ungentlemanly behavior withdraws also the attention of others from the performer and thus shows public disrespect toward him. Moreover, he commits a breach of good manners against every person attending such an entertainment in a gentlemanly way." Many a one would do well to remember these points.

On November the 22nd the turkeys lined up in battle array and suffered a terrible defeat.

Prof.: "Steinbrunner, give me the table of Apothecaries' Weight. It starts: "Sixty minims."

Steinbrunner: "Sixty minims make—make such a racket that the prefect sometimes falls into fits of despair."

Come to the stationery for mucilage. Only a nickel a dozen.

Petitions to Santa Claus: Your most busy servant asks you to bring for five cents chocolate pyramids. Will find plate in my desk.—Wills. I have always most humbly revered thee, and relying on this my piety, I ask thee for a box of cigars.—Th. B. Since I have enough common sense I sincerely ask thee to bestow on me three pennyweights of uncommon sense; I have placed my shoe upon the mantelpiece.—F. S. Please, favor Daffy with a new type-writer. All the students most earnestly petition thee, O holy Santa Claus, to obtain for the prefects the gift of pride, that they may deem it below their dignity to look down upon the trifling faults of us poor mortals.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95—100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of November, appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90—95 per cent.

95—100 PER CENT.

F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Hordeman, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, C. Rohrkemper, C. Uphaus, G. Diefenbach, H. Horst-

man, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Riegel, O. Holt-schneider, C. Frahlich, H. Plas, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Wellman, C. Peters, L. Walther, F. Garity, C. Diemer, J. Steinbrunner, W. Keilman, A. McGill, J. Wessel, H. Muhler. W. Luking, J. Braun, T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, L. Dabbelt, M. Schwieterman, F. Wagner, B. Hoerstman, L. Wagner. J. Naughton, C. Hils; T. Brackman, D. Brackmann, H. Fehrenbach, V. Krull, P. Staiert, C. Mohr, E. Hefeale, H. Seiferle, D. Schneider, C. Miller, B. Staiert, M. Koester, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, B. Alt, H. Knapke.

90—95 PER CENT.

E. Wills, E. Cullen, F. Theobald, J. Keilman, B. Nowak, L. Holtschneider, A. Schlaechter, C. Hemsteger, O. Kalvelage, W. Flaherty, L. Tansey; J. Meyer, E. Deininger, I. Rapp, V. Schuette, P. Kanney, L. Linz, D. Neuschwanger, R. Stoltz, C. Holler, M. Schmitter, L. Hoch, A. Schuette, F. Steinbrunner, R. Reinick, A. Rainer, N. Keilman, F. Birren.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the months of Oct. and Nov. The names of those that reached an average of from 84—90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90—100 PER CENT.

OCTOBER: T. Saurer, V. Schuette, P. Staiert, P. Kanney, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, H. Seiferle, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, M. Koester, E. Werling, E. Wills, A. Schuette, E. Flaig, A.

Koenig, I. Wagner, H. Knapke, C. Rohrkemper, H. Plas, N. Keilman.

NOVEMBER: T. Saurer, V. Schuette, P. Staiert, T. Travers, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, H. Seiferle, W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, E. Werling, E. Wills, A. Schuette, L. Huber, E. Flaig, J. Braun, W. Luking, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, H. Knapke, C. Uphaus, O. Holtschneider, L. Walther.

84—90 PER CENT.

OCTOBER: I. Rapp, C. Faist, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Hordeman, T. Kramer, W. Arnold, B. Staiert, J. Mutch, R. Monin, H. Horstman, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, W. Luking, M. Schwieterman, R. Reinick, F. Didier, B. Scherzinger, D. Hammon, C. Uphaus, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, J. Steinbrunner, A. Bremerkamp, O. Bremerkamp, C. Fralich, B. Recker, L. Walther, C. Hemsteger, C. Diemer, L. Dabbelt.

NOVEMBER: I. Rapp, C. Faist, W. Hordeman, T. Kramer, E. Hefeale, J. Mutch, C. Miller, B. Staiert, M. Koester, H. Hoerstman, X. Jaeger, B. Eckstein, A. McGill, H. Muhler, L. Tansey, W. Flaherty, M. Schwieterman, B. Alt, R. Reinick, D. Hammon, B. Scherzinger, C. Rohrkemper, J. Seitz, H. Hlas, J. Meyer, J. Steinbrunner, A. Bremerkamp, C. Fralich, B. Recker, J. Trentman, C. Hemsteger, O. Bremerkamp, A. Shenk, T. Ehinger, L. Dabbelt, A. Schlaechter, F. Wagner, A. Junk, N. Keilman, F. Birren.
